

THE KINGS OF HORROR RETURN!

Freddy vs JASON vs ASH

THE NIGHTMARE WARRIORS

5 OF 6
DEC
2009



Suggested for Mature Readers



DYNAMITE
ENTERTAINMENT

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MY GOD, WASHINGTON
IS BURNING.

DEADITES AND
DEMONS RUN FREE.

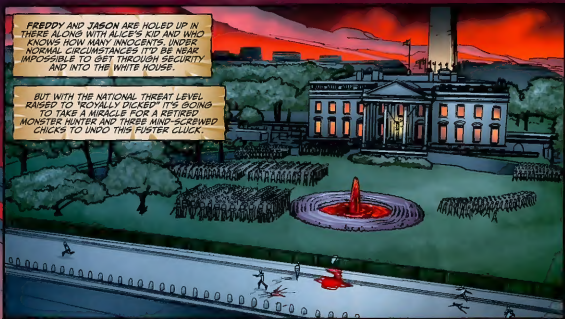
THE DEAD ARE EVERYWHERE.
JUST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO
THESE STREETS WERE PACKED
WITH CLUELESS TOURISTS
AND GOVERNMENT PRICKS.

NOW THEY'RE EITHER BLEEDING
OUT OR HAVE PICKED UP A NEW
CALLING AS ONE OF THE
NECROMONICON'S MINIONS.
EITHER WAY THERE'S A
WHOLE LOTTA SCREWED.



FREDDY AND JASON ARE HOLED UP IN
THERE ALONG WITH ALICE'S KID AND WHO
KNOWS HOW MANY INNOCENTS. UNDER
NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES IT'D BE NEAR
IMPOSSIBLE TO GET THROUGH SECURITY
AND INTO THE WHITE HOUSE.

BUT WITH THE NATIONAL THREAT LEVEL
RAISED TO 'ROYALLY PICKED' IT'S GOING
TO TAKE A MIRACLE FOR A RETIRED
MONSTER HUNTER AND THREE MIND-SCREWED
CHICKS TO UNDO THIS FUSTER CLUCK.

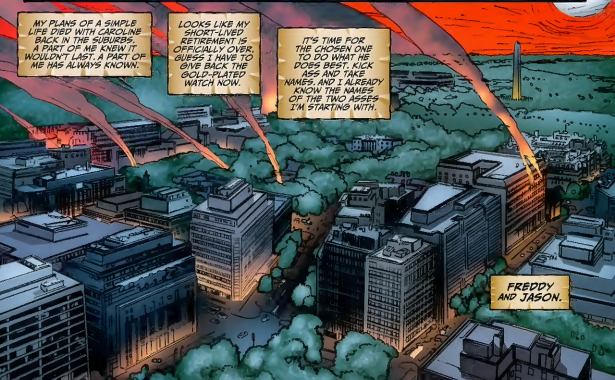


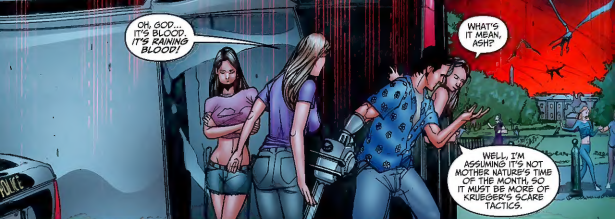
MY PLANS OF A SIMPLE
LIFE DIED WITH CAROLINE
BACK IN THE SUBURBS.
A PART OF ME KNEW IT
WOULDN'T LAST. A PART OF
ME HAS ALWAYS KNOWN.

LOOKS LIKE MY
SHORT-LIVED
RETIREMENT IS
OFFICIALLY OVER.
GUESS I HAVE TO
GIVE BACK THE
GOLD-PLATED
WATCH NOW.

IT'S TIME FOR
THE CHOSEN ONE
TO DO WHAT HE
DOES BEST. KICK
ASS AND TAKE
NAMES. AND I ALREADY
KNOW THE NAMES
OF THE TWO ASSES
I'M STARTING WITH.

FREDDY
AND JASON.

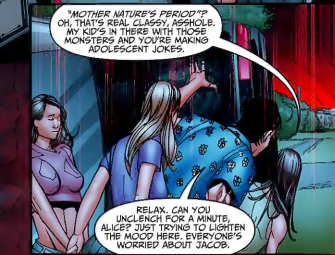




OH, GOD...
IT'S BLOOD.
IT'S RAINING
BLOOD!

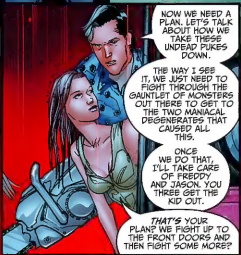
WHAT'S
IT MEAN,
ASH?

WELL, I'M
ASSUMING IT'S NOT
MOTHER NATURE'S TIME
OF THE MONTH, SO
IT MUST BE MORE OF
KRUEGER'S SCARE
TACTICS.



"MOTHER NATURE'S PERIOD"?
OH, THAT'S REAL CLASSY, ASSHOLE.
MY KID'S IN THERE WITH THOSE
MONSTERS AND YOU'RE MAKING
ADOLESCENT JOKES.

RELAX. CAN YOU
UNCLENNCH FOR A MINUTE,
ALICE? JUST TRYING TO LIGHTEN
THE MOOD HERE. EVERYONE'S
WORRIED ABOUT JACOB.

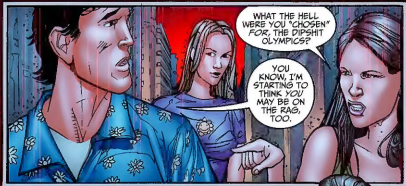


NOW WE NEED A
PLAN. LET'S TALK
ABOUT HOW WE
TAKE THESE
UNDEAD PUKES
DOWN.

THE WAY I SEE
IT, WE JUST NEED TO
FIGHT THROUGH THE
GAUNTLET OF MONSTERS
OUT THERE TO GET TO
THE TWO MANIACAL
DEGENERATES THAT
CAUSED ALL
THIS.

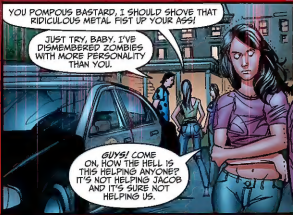
ONCE
WE DO THAT,
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF FREDDY
AND JASON. YOU
THREE GET THE
KID OUT.

THAT'S YOUR
PLAN? WE FIGHT UP TO
THE FRONT DOORS AND
THEN FIGHT SOME MORE?



WHAT THE HELL
WERE YOU "CHOSEN"
FOR, THE DIPSHIT
OLYMPICS?

YOU
KNOW, I'M
STARTING TO
THINK YOU
MAY BE ON
THE RAG,
TOO.



YOU POMPOUS BASTARD, I SHOULD SHOVE THAT
RIDICULOUS METAL FIST UP YOUR ASS!

JUST TRY, BABY. I'VE
DISMEMBERED ZOMBIES
WITH MORE PERSONALITY
THAN YOU.

GUYS! COME
ON, HOW THE HELL IS
THIS HELPING ANYONE?
IT'S NOT HELPING JACOB
AND IT'S SURE NOT
HELPING US.

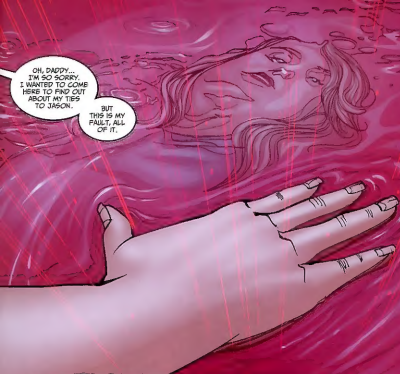


IT'S
BLOOD. SO
MUCH BLOOD.
IT'S EVERY-
WHERE...

SO...

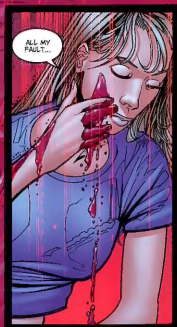
MUCH...

BLOOD...

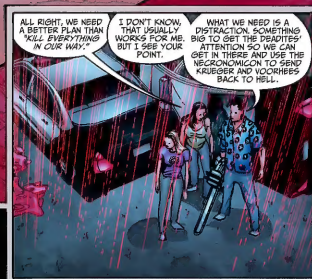


OH, DADDY...
I'M SO SORRY.
I WANTED TO COME
HERE TO FIND OUT
ABOUT MY TIES
TO JASON.

BUT
THIS IS MY
FAULT, ALL
OF IT.



ALL MY
FAULT...



ALL RIGHT, WE NEED
A BETTER PLAN THAN
"KILL EVERYTHING
IN OUR WAY."

I DON'T KNOW,
THAT USUALLY
WORKS FOR ME.
BUT I SEE YOUR
POINT.

WHAT WE NEED IS A
DISTRACTION. SOMETHING
BIG TO GET THE PEADIES/
ATTENTION SO WE CAN
GET IN THERE AND USE THE
NECRONOMICON TO SEND
KRUEGER AND VORHEES
BACK TO HELL.



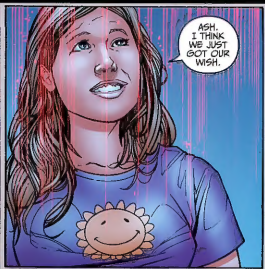
STEPHANIE?
WHERE DID SHE
GO?

SHE
WAS THERE
A SECOND
AGO.



DAMN,
SHOULD'VE
SEEN THAT
COMING.
KID'S BEEN
A BASKET
CASE FROM
JUMP
STREET.

WHAT DO
YOU EXPECT? SHE
SAW HER FATHER KILLED
RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER,
HIS BLOOD SPLASHED RIGHT
IN HER FACE. THIS RAIN
PROBABLY FREAKED
HER OUT.

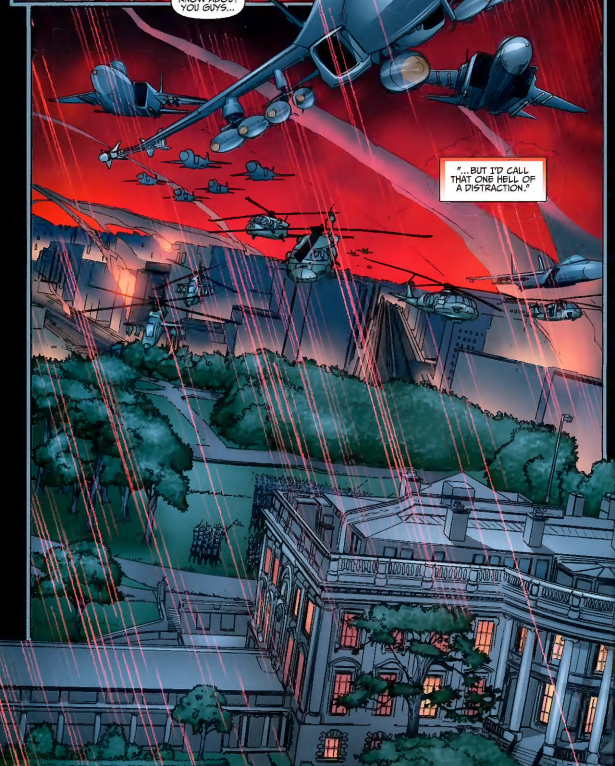


ASH.
I THINK
WE JUST
GOT OUR
WISH.



I DON'T
KNOW ABOUT
YOU GUYS...

"...BUT I'D CALL
THAT ONE HELL OF
A DISTRACTION."





MOVE
MOVE
MOVE!

I WANT THE
WHITE HOUSE SECURED
RIGHT NOW! ANYTHING THAT
GETS IN YOUR WAY, YOU
CUT IT IN HALF!



THIS IS IT!

UNCLE
SAM'S FINEST
SHOULD KEEP
THE DEADITES
BUSY WHILE WE
SLIP IN.

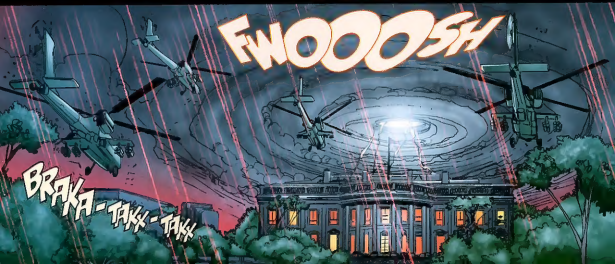


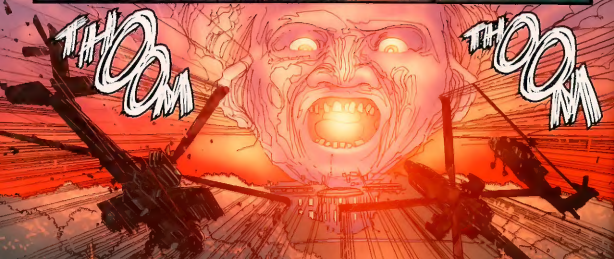
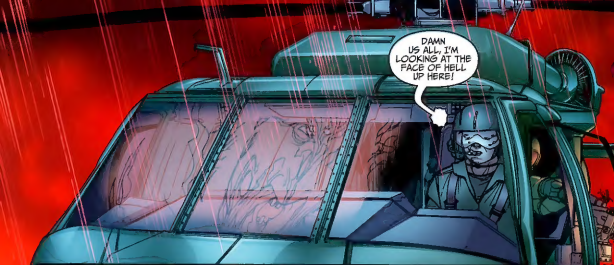
KEEP
DOWN AND
OUT OF
SIGHT.



THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!
HOLY SHIT, THE PRESIDENT
IS IN THERE WITH THESE
MONSTERS!









FWD
OSH

GET
DOWN!



RAAAHAHN!
POP GOES
THE WEASEL!
HA HA HAHA!

AIEEE-URK!

HEY,
ASSHOLE.
KNOCK-
KNOCK.

CHAINSAW
CALLING.

RENNNNNNNNNN

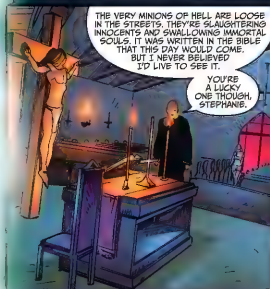
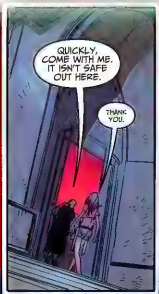


THIS IS
OUR TICKET
INSIDE.

YOU EVER
PLAY BASKETBALL,
TINA? I NEED YOU TO
MAKE A TEN-TON THREE
POINTER. DROP ME
RIGHT IN THERE ON
TOP OF THEIR
HEADS.



I'VE NEVER MOVED
ANYTHING THIS BIG.
I DON'T KNOW
IF I CAN.





HAHAHAHAHA!

I KNOW ALL
OF THE LITTLE
CHILDREN'S NAMES,
STEPHANIE.

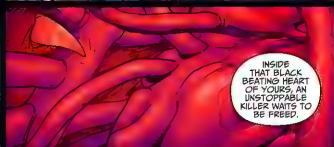


SEE, YOUR POOR DADDY DID A
GOOD JOB OF HIDING YOUR
DESTINY FROM YOU. BUT I CAN SEE
IT AS PLAINLY AS THE BLADES
ON MY GLOVE.

YOU'RE FROM THE
SAME LINEAGE AS THAT GIANT
MACHETE-WIELDING HICK.

DEEP IN HERE...
LOOKED AWAY
FROM YOU...IS
THE SECRET.

AND
UNCLE FREDDY
IS GONNA HELP
YOU FIND THE
KEY.



INSIDE
THAT BLACK
BEATING HEART
OF YOURS, AN
UNSTOPPABLE
KILLER WANTS TO
BE FREED.



ALL
YOU NEED
IS A LITTLE
PUSH.

squish

LIKE
SO.



HAHAHAHAHA!

YOU'RE NOT A
"FREEMAN" OR A
"KIMBLE" ANYMORE,
DOLL.



YOU'RE A
VOORHEES.

AND YOU
JUST BECAME AN
UNSTOPPABLE DEMON
SERIAL KILLER. WHAT
ARE YOU GONNA
DO NOW?



URK...YOU'RE
SUPPOSED...GAK...
TO SAY...GRR... "I'M
GOING TO...GAK...
DISN...URK...ORLD."



THAT SHOULD KEEP THOSE SOLDIER PANSIES BUSY. ALL I NEED NOW IS THE BOOK AND THOSE LAST FEW PESKY SURVIVORS FOR EVERYTHING TO FALL INTO PLACE.



WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID? YOU STILL THINK YOU'RE THE HERO IN THIS LITTLE CAPER?

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH. I SHIT BIGGER FISH THAN YOU WITHOUT ANY FIBER SUPPLEMENTS.

CUT ME DOWN AND I'LL SHOW BOTH OF YOU BASTARDS HOW TOUGH I AM.



UNLIKELY, TOMMY BOY.

BUT MAYBE I OUGHT TO SKIN YOU RIGHT HERE.

SAVE ME THE TROUBLE OF HEARING YOUR BIG TALK...AND I AM A LITTLE HUNGRY. YOUR SPECIAL SURVIVOR SOUL OUGHTA HIT THE SPOT AND GIVE ME ENOUGH ENERGY TO FINISH THIS DANCE.



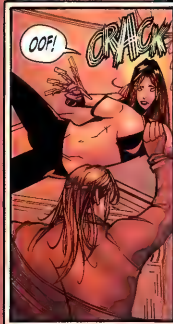
UHN. WHAT? YOU WANT THE LITTLE PRICK FOR YOURSELF, JASON?

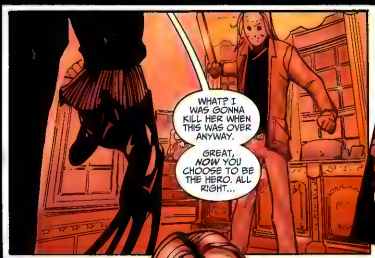


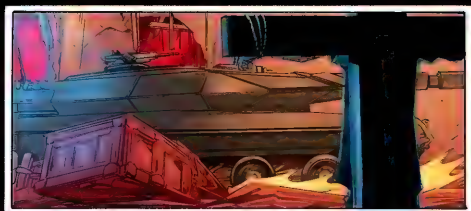
UNGRATEFUL LITTLE BASTARD. I KNEW THE TIME WOULD COME WHEN YOU WOULD GROW A PAIR OF BALLS.

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? DO IT!







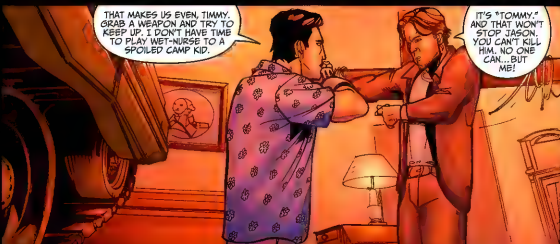
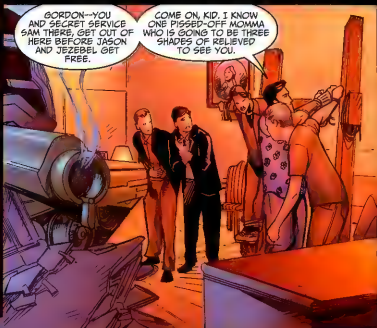




HOW'D YA
LIKE THE TASTE
OF THAT? I BET
YOU'VE GOT
ENOUGH IRON IN
YOUR SYSTEM
NOW, TOUGH
GUY.

GORDON--YOU
AND SECRET SERVICE
SAM THERE, GET OUT OF
HERE BEFORE JASON
AND JEZEBEL GET
FREE.

COME ON, KID. I KNOW
ONE PISSED-OFF MOMMA
WHO IS GOING TO BE THREE
SHADES OF RELIEVED
TO SEE YOU.



THAT MAKES US EVEN, TIMMY.
GRAB A WEAPON AND TRY TO
KEEP UP. I DON'T HAVE TIME
TO PLAY WET-NURSE TO A
SPOILED CAMP KID.

IT'S *TOMMY.*
AND THAT WON'T
STOP JASON.
YOU CAN'T KILL
HIM. NO ONE
CAN...BUT
ME!



OHMMH...
I'M GETTING
TOO OLD FOR
THIS SHIT.



SEEMS
I'M FALLIN'
APART AT THE
SEAMS. WHAT
AM I GONNA
DO WITH
THIS?



CLICK-CLICK

HUH?

YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED DEAD, KRUEGER. IT WOULD HAVE SAVED YOU THE PAIN OF ME BLASTING YOU BACK TO HELL.

PLEASE, ALICE-- GIVE ME A BREAK.

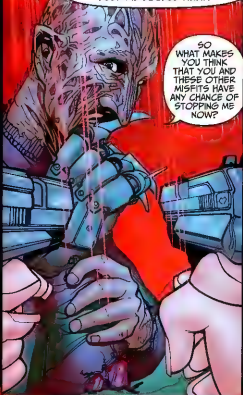
YOU AND YOUR LITTLE BRAT FRIENDS COULDN'T KILL ME. JASON COULDN'T KILL ME. MY OWN DAUGHTER COULDN'T SNUFF OUT MY LIGHT. EVEN THAT BITCH-WHORE OF A MOTHER COULDN'T KEEP ME LOCKED AWAY.

SO WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT YOU AND THESE OTHER MISFITS HAVE ANY CHANCE OF STOPPING ME NOW?

BESIDES, THERE IS ONLY ONE DREAM MASTER, BITCH, AND THAT'S YOURS TRULY.

AND I'D RATHER IT BE HELL ON EARTH THAN LET YOU AND THAT TRAITOROUS OFFSPRING OF YOURS HAVE A HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

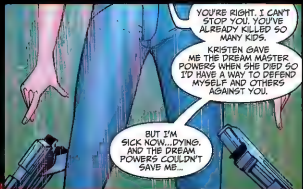
NOW, UNLESS YOU WANT TO SEE HOW MANY PIECES I CAN CUT YOUR LITTLE BRAT INTO, I SUGGEST YOU DROP THE PEASHOOTERS. LET'S FACE IT, THE PROWLER YOU AIN'T.



YOU'RE RIGHT. I CAN'T STOP YOU. YOU'VE ALREADY KILLED SO MANY KIDS.

KRISTEN GAVE ME THE DREAM MASTER POWERS WHEN SHE DIED SO I'D HAVE A WAY TO DEFEND MYSELF AND OTHERS AGAINST YOU.

BUT I'M SICK NOW...DYING. AND THE DREAM POWERS COULDN'T SAVE ME...



...SO MAYBE IT'S TIME I PAY THE POWERS FORWARD.

ALICE! DON'T DO IT!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

BRAVO, ALICE...

THAT WAS SUCH... SNIFFE-A-MOVING... SNIFF-SNIFFE SPEECH.





BUT IT WON'T
SAVE YOU.

ALICE!

MOM!
GET AWAY
FROM HER, YOU
BASTARD!

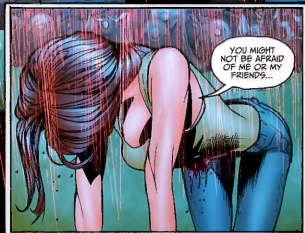


JACOB?

TIME
TO DIE,
BITCH!



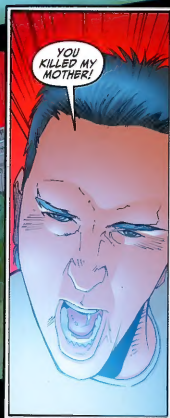
...JAHN...



YOU MIGHT
NOT BE AFRAID
OF ME OR MY
FRIENDS...



...BUT
YOU BETTER BE
SCARED OF FACING
THE SOULS YOU
SLAUGHTERED.



JEFF KATZ and JAMES KUHORIC - story JAMES KUHORIC - script • JASON CRAIG - pencils
JON BOLERJACK - inks • GABE ELTAEB - colors • WES ABBOTT - letters
KRISTY QUINN - assistant editor • SCOTT PETERSON - editor • Cover by JOCK



To Be Concluded

